

# NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

W. R. HEARST.

162 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1897.

**THE WEATHER**—The official forecast for to-day indicates generally fair, slightly warmer weather, with westerly winds.

## AMERICA, EUROPE AND CUBA.

As the time approaches for the McKinley Administration to develop its policy with regard to Cuba, the subject becomes prolific of rumors in the European press. The latest story, which comes from Berlin to the London Graphic, is to the effect that our diplomatic representatives have been sounding the various governments to which they are accredited for the purpose of finding out how far we could depend upon their neutrality in the event of offensive action on our part against Spain, and that they have met with no encouragement.

Of course the fact that this yarn is denied at the State Department creates a presumption in its favor, but its inherent improbability justifies us in giving the Administration the benefit of the doubt. There is no reason why we should sound any European governments as to their views upon Cuban matters. The thing is none of their affair. It is a question exclusively between us and Spain.

That Europe understands its own interests too well to intrude in this controversy without our invitation was sufficiently demonstrated some months ago when Spain received the cold shoulder in every quarter in which she applied for assurances of assistance against the United States. But if we went out of our way to invite foreign governments to interest themselves in matters that do not concern them, the unfriendly spirit that prevails on the other side of the Atlantic at the present time might readily lead them to make themselves disagreeable. Of course

one of them would have the remotest intention of giving Spain any material assistance against the United States. They all understand that European interference in America would necessarily mean American interference in Europe, and they would let Spain sink to the bottom of the sea before they would expose the delicate mechanism of the European balance of power to derangement by such incalculable force as that.

For us to consult foreign powers before carrying out our Cuban policy would be to invite needless humiliation. There is no common ground on which we can discuss the question with European diplomacy. We do not speak the same language. The motives that move us are incomprehensible to the Foreign Offices abroad. The American people demand freedom and peace for Cuba in the name of humanity. That is a term that means nothing to the diplomats of Europe. The only consideration that appeals to them is that of self-interest, especially of a financial sort. Whether in Armenia, or in Thessaly, or in Cuba, the bloodshed, the suffering and the ruin are mere incidents, unworthy the serious attention of statesmanship. What diplomacy is really concerned about is to see that no action is taken that might depress the price of bonds. It is also extremely important to preserve the niceties of etiquette, and not to offend butchers and ravishers by calling their deeds by their right names.

We have no place in this heartless game. We are not fitted to shine in it, and fortunately our strength relieves us from any necessity of making the attempt. If we want Cuba freed, we have no need to ask anybody's permission. We have only to say the word, and if Spain attempts to resist our decree Spain will be crushed like a beetle under the foot of an elephant. The bourses that dictate the policy of the powers of Europe have all they can conveniently attend to just now in arranging for the settlement of their butcher's bill in Thessaly. We have no occasion for their interference on this side of the ocean.

## REPRESENTATIVE JOURNALISM.

The Sun is the most courageous and consistent Republican newspaper printed in New York to-day. Its bold and fearless policy is in marked contrast to the paltering evasions and hypocrisies of the other prominent champions of Republican doctrine. It has the rare and admirable quality of frankness, scorning all side pretences and speaking with intelligence and authority.

Nothing in the varied career of the Sun has so thoroughly set upon its editorial page the stamp of manliness as its straightforward, unflinching advocacy of trusts. True, the laws of the United States prohibit trusts; but that is a detail. The Sun, as an alert and keen political sentinel, has planted its guns upon the walls of the real Republican citadel. We congratulate the Republican party.

## LET ALL STAND BY THE LAW.

The laws of the United States declare that any combination intended to restrain trade is a crime, punishable, on conviction, by fine and imprisonment. Yet Roswell P. Flower, once Governor of the State of New York, has in a public speech incited citizens to commit this crime. Mr. Flower has the right, if he sees fit to exercise it, of criticizing the anti-trust laws, but upon what ground can he claim the right to encourage violation of these laws while they remain upon the statute book? How can a good citizen advocate a thing which the law denounces? It is a plain incitement to crime, made worse by the fact that the crime imperils the people, provokes general discontent and strikes at the root of popular government. This is a common-sense view of Mr. Flower's speech. If he desires to see the trusts flourish and increase their power, let him head a movement to repeal the statutes that outlaw them. Meanwhile it is his duty as a citizen in times like these to lend the influence of his voice to the cause of law and order.

## TREASON IN THE CITADEL.

Some unauthorized person has evidently made his way into the composing room of the Evening Post and feloniously procured the insertion of an editorial crammed full of explosive material. Speaking of the results that would follow a Democratic victory in the coming municipal election, this seditious disquisition says:

It is not merely a question of this year, but of many years to come. With Greater New York in full possession of the Democrats, with its \$75,000,000 of annual appropriations, its great departments, with their enormous patronage and long-salaried lists under their control, what possible hope would there be for the Republicans to carry the State for many years to come? What possible hope would there be of their carrying it in the next Presidential election, for the municipal officers elected in November will hold office till 1902?

Confirmed readers of the Evening Post hardly need to be reminded that the idea that "patronage" can help a party to carry elections is a pestilent heresy, held only by bosses and their satellites. Patronage is a source of weakness, rather than of strength, as is shown by the experience of the Republicans in the Presidential elections of 1876, 1884 and 1892; of the Democrats in 1888 and 1896, and of both parties on repeated occasions in New York. For further elucidation of this point, see the Evening Post of any year, especially just after a new administration, municipal, State or national, has begun dividing up the

offices, or when a boss is trying to emphasize the necessity of "harmony" in order to prevent the enemy from "intrenching himself in power."

Probably the fell purpose of the miscreant that invaded the sanctuary of our unsuspecting contemporary was to warn Democrats away from the support of Mr. Low, or of any other Republican candidate. In view of the fact that the separation of municipal from general elections has been said by all reformers to deprive local campaigns of all national significance, making them turn exclusively upon the question of local good government, many Democrats have thought that they could safely step over party lines this year. That has afforded the only hope of opposition success in a city that contains a normal Democratic majority of 100,000. But if it be true, as the Evening Post now asserts, that Democratic success in the approaching municipal election will not only deprive the Republicans of all hope of carrying the State for many years to come, but will insure the electoral vote of New York for the next Democratic Presidential ticket, these Democrats may be inclined to subordinate their local preferences to the welfare of the national party.

## THE ALBANY CHARLEY ROSS.

of imprisonment instead of the ransom they hoped to collect. That the boy's own uncle by marriage should have been the ringleader in the plot discloses an almost unimaginable depth of human depravity, but it is gratifying that he has come to the end of his rope so soon.

Society's chief safeguard against the spread of kidnapping, one of the most cruel and atrocious of the whole list of crimes, must consist in making it unattractive. Possible kidnappers must be taught that the operation is both dangerous and unprofitable. The latter lesson has been pretty uniformly taught heretofore, and it is doubtless to that circumstance that we owe the fact that an example so notorious as that of the Charley Ross abduction has not had more imitators. If the Ross kidnappers had cleaned up ten or twenty thousand dollars, hundreds of families would probably have been mourning the loss of their children within a year. Mr. and Mrs. Ross were martyrs for the safety of society. Kidnapping has never proven a profitable speculation in this country, and there is hardly any form of criminality that does not offer a villain a better opportunity of making a haul.

For the other lesson the public will look to the Albany authorities. The men that stole Johnnie Conway are in their hands, the law permits a sentence of twenty years' imprisonment, and the case is one that calls for the utmost limit of the legal penalty. With these kidnappers doing time at Sing Sing, and the knowledge that there is no money in sight in this line of industry, the business of stealing children is not likely to expand.

It may be worth while to mention the fact that the happy outcome of what promised to be a tragedy is directly due to the methods of the new journalism. Instead of waiting in the respectable old journalistic way for the news of Johnnie Conway's recovery or murder to be brought in to it, the Albany Argus adopted the plan by which the Journal identified the body of Guidensuppe and tracked down his murderers. It resolved itself into a detective bureau, ran down every clue, was liberal with its money—the unpardonable sin to the mind of the old journalist—and finally saved the boy and bagged his abductors. But for that brilliant piece of work the chances are that the child would have been killed, as his captors intended. The mother of Johnnie Conway, delirious with joy instead of prostrated with a broken heart, will probably not subscribe to the theory that detective work is an improper line of activity for a newspaper.

## THE PRICELESS BOON OF LIBERTY.

Respect for the liberty of the individual is so marked in this Republic that many persons prefer America as a place of residence to bureaucratic France, monarchical England and despotic Russia. It is true that we are not so unwise as to let liberty degenerate into license, and are careful to protect the individual from the consequences of his inability to exercise his freedom wisely. In this metropolis, for example, the citizen is relieved by law of the responsibility of deciding for himself what he shall do on the first day of the week, and he is saved from the evil of intemperance on that day, and during a stated portion of every other day, unless he can corrupt a publican or is so forlorned as to lay in a jug to tide over the dry periods covered by the law's beneficent interdiction. In some other parts of the country the free citizen is sent to jail should he be rebellious against decency as to work on Sunday, and the law prescribes what sort of address his wife shall or shall not wear when she attends the theatre. As in New York, the time at which the citizen shall go to bed is dictated, either by curfew enactment or by the equivalent closing of all places of entertainment at a given hour, which renders it impossible for him to enjoy himself should he elect to remain abroad and awake.

But it is in the capital of the Republic that this law-guided liberty reaches its most admirable development. In Washington, now, if the American citizen or wandering foreign visitor chooses to ride the bicycle the law kindly assists him. In its solicitude for the welfare of his spine it will run him in should he be so refractory as to refuse to sit upright on the machine, as every liberty-loving and sensible man ought to do. "The District Commissioners," it is telegraphed, "have dealt a death blow to the obnoxious low handlebars and humpbacked scorchers. They have made a rule that all riders shall ride with their heads up."

Of course, there are some drawbacks to American liberty. Poverty is placed at a disadvantage. The rich man can hire a lawyer by the year to keep him posted on how to escape fine and imprisonment, and he is able to afford liberal tips to the watchful police. But this inequality could easily be removed at the public cost by having proper instruction given in the common schools. Each day after "America" has been sung the teachers might justly be required to impart to their classes accurate information on the highly important and practical branch of American education, "What to do to keep out of the hands of the police."

So Spain is to press claims against the United States for compensation for filibustering. Well, the best way to cut off that expense is to stop the occasion for filibustering. With peace restored by our assistance throughout the territory of the Cuban Republic, the filibuster's occupation will be gone.

Philadelphia was, as usual, a trifle slow, but finally has a murder mystery of sufficient importance to attract national attention.

According to the Tarrytown people, "Anarchy" is a name that can be applied to almost any unpleasant thing that may happen.

The Ohio Populists ought to realize their mistake when they learn that they have given entire satisfaction to Tom Watson.

Mr. Rockefeller is still holding his option on Brown University.

Mr. Mark Hanna is doing some political coal mining this year.

## How Miss Ingenue Got an Engagement.

"I WOULD like to engage"—

"Just around the corner, up one flight," said the prominent theatrical manager, and hurried on his way.

Mr. Goodkind, lately arrived from the West, whose wife had sent him out to engage a maid of all work, did not know that the busy man who answered his question before it was more than half out of his mouth was in the theatrical line. Therefore he had no suspicion that the establishment which he presently entered was not an intelligence office.

On the contrary, it bore every evidence of belonging to the better class of institutions for the collection and dissemination of servant girls.

At a desk in one corner of the main apartment sat the mistress of the establishment, while ranged in chairs along the wall were sixteen young women of different ages, sizes and complexions, all of whom looked eagerly and expectantly at Mr. Goodkind on that individual's entrance.

"What an extraordinarily good-looking and well-dressed lot of girls," was the only comment Mr. Goodkind made to himself, and he was pleased, for Mr. Goodkind could not endure the presence of a slatternly servant.

"What kind of a part do you want to fill?" asked the mistress of the establishment, before Mr. Goodkind had a chance to state the object of his visit.

Mr. Goodkind, being something of a humorist himself, answered smilingly that it was quite a light and pleasant part, and before he could add that there were only himself and his wife in the family the mistress of the establishment cast her eye along the row of girls and called out shrilly:

"Miss Ingenue!"

A slight, graceful young girl, with pale cheeks, very simply dressed, with an unmistakable air of refinement, responded, and Mr. Goodkind was requested to step into one of several little rooms opening from the main apartment and see whether he could come to an understanding with Miss Ingenue.

"You do not seem very strong," said Mr. Goodkind, in his fatherly manner when they were alone.

"Oh, yes, I am," replied the girl eagerly. "I'm much stronger than I look."

"Still, there are only two of us in the family," said Mr. Goodkind; "and Mrs. Goodkind always takes care of her own room."

"I beg your pardon," said Miss Ingenue, in apparent astonishment.

"Really, Mrs. Goodkind insists upon it. She even helps with the ironing."

As Miss Ingenue seemed incapable of replying to this last statement, Mr. Goodkind continued:

"Naturally, there are certain things we are particular about. The washing, for example." Miss Ingenue straightened up stiffly in her chair, but made no remark, and Mr. Goodkind went on:

"You would be expected to have the washing on the line before luncheon, Monday; but, as I said, there are only two of us—why, my poor girl! What is the matter?"

Miss Ingenue had suddenly buried her face in her hands and burst into tears. For some moments she made no reply to Mr. Goodkind's entreaties, but continued to sob convulsively.

At length she said:

"You have a kind heart, sir, and I envy the girl who obtains a home in your family. But this is a dramatic agency, not an intelligence office. I am not competent to perform the duties of housemaid. I wish I were." And Miss Ingenue bowed her thin, pale face in her hands again and sobbed out a tale that quite overcame Mr. Goodkind with mingled indignation and compassion.

What was it possible that actresses—artists—were compelled to sit in a row like cooks and chambermaids, day after day through all the hot Summer months, to be inspected and compared and rejected by managers too careless or too indolent to acquire in a legitimate way a knowledge of the special talents of the people on whom they depend for their incomes? And when Miss Ingenue confessed that the encouragement held out by the agencies, which naturally wished to accommodate the managers by enabling them to inspect as many actresses in a bunch as could be herded in one room, caused many a poor creature, with neither talent nor beauty to justify her ambition, to linger on in hopes while she still had a decent gown for the street—when Mr. Goodkind had learned this much he would listen no longer.

"Come home with me," he said. "My wife has been looking for a companion. Come and stay with us till an engagement suited to your talents comes to you in a dignified and proper manner. I will look for a housemaid to-morrow."

Miss Ingenue agreed joyfully. As they were passing out through the main apartment, the mistress of the establishment said: "How about the commission, Miss Ingenue? Will you pay it in advance?"

It was Mr. Goodkind who answered. "There is no engagement," he said, "and there will be no commission."

CURTIS DUNHAM.

## JOKES ON THE HALF-SHELL.

Glady—Papa's going to give us a check at the wedding instead of a present, Tom.

Tom—All right, we'll have the ceremony at man of coarse fibre would have said a high noon instead of a clock.

Glady—Why, what for, dear?

Tom—Banks close at 3.—Detroit Free Press.

"My husband goes out and chutes every day now."

"What's that for?"

"He's getting ready for the Yukon rapids next Spring."—Chicago Record.

Yabey—Judge, what makes you laugh at your own stories?

Mudge—Why shouldn't I? If they were not worth laughing at I would not tell them.—Indianapolis Journal.

"I want a suit I can fly around in," said the woman who had just come in.

"Here's a something snazzy," said the pale tradesman, who was not above being funny when he was in no danger of being found out.—Detroit Journal.

She was bathed in tears.

"Ha!" he sneered, scornfully.

For in his day he had played heavy villain to



All In a Row.



"The Washing, for Example."

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## THE REAL KLONDYKE.

The baby's hair was red. Unmistakably, appealingly red. The friend of the family came to dinner. They showed him the baby.

"And what color do you call his hair?"

"Inquired the proud and happy mother. A man of coarse fibre would have said a high noon instead of a clock."

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## Gen. Woodford and M. Hanotaux.

THE London Daily Graphic's assertion that M. Hanotaux, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, has snubbed General Woodford as a consequence of our new Spanish envoy's efforts to learn what the attitude of France would be in the event of aggressive action by the United States in the matter of Cuba, is hardly credible. Yet there is a possibility that the French Government has shown unwillingness to discuss the question openly or formally.

I know that when Minister Taylor cabled from Madrid the details of the Spanish conspiracy to induce the six great European powers to send an identical note of warning to President Cleveland last year, Mr. Eustis, our Ambassador in Paris, saw M. Hanotaux and sounded him on the subject. Spain had summoned to Paris the secretaries of her principal diplomatic establishments in Europe in order to secure prompt delivery of the proposed identical note. Mr. Eustis asked M. Hanotaux what ground the Government of Spain had for assuming that France would consent to a European concert unfriendly to the United States.

The French Minister assured our Ambassador in the most positive language that France would not only decline to take part in any hostile action, but could not be induced to do so or say anything which might wound the sensibilities of the American Government, or people.

This is the truth of the matter. All the details cannot be made public just now.

As for the attitude of Lord Salisbury, it is notorious in diplomatic circles that Great Britain is not disposed to limit the action of the United States in procuring a prompt settlement of the Cuban question on any basis that will insure permanent peace on the island.

JAMES CREELMAN.

## SHERMAN FRANKNESS.

IF old age has deprived John Sherman of prudence in speech, then it has but restored to him the frankness which is characteristic of the family, and that made the General, his brother, the delight of everybody who is refreshed by candor in this cautious and circumspect world. I saw the blunt warrior do a thing once in the way of plain speaking that would have brought howls and a shower of quartz to anybody else.

It was in 1880, when Hancock and Garfield were running for the Presidency. Rutherford B. Hayes, to help his health and the Republican cause, made a tour of the West. General Sherman was one of the party. In Virginia City, Nevada, the miners gathered before the International Hotel and had the celebrities out on the balcony to address them. Brother Hayes favored the audience with one of his best little Sunday-school addresses, and then the crowd roared for Sherman. The General stepped to the rail, and casting his eye over the two or three thousand stalwart Nevadans asked, in his abrupt, conversational way:

"Well, what do you want me to talk about?"

"The Chinese! The Chinese!" shouted the miners. The coolies were the great issue on the coast in that Morey-letter campaign.

Sherman, bare-headed, gray, close-cropped and spare, gazed down for a silent half minute on the crowd. Then he broke out, calm in the style of scolding a hostler:

"The Chinese! Oh, confound the Chinese! Every time I come anywhere near California I begin to hear about the Chinese, and I'm tired of it. You men ought to be ashamed of yourselves. What are you afraid of? Are you scared of a Chinaman? You've got a hundred thousand or so of them in this part of the country, I believe, and you raise a row fit to wake the dead. Half a million of them wouldn't hurt you. Don't be fools."

Then he turned his back in scorn and walked into the hotel.

There was an appalled pause. It was as if somebody had risen in church and scoffed at the faith. The politicians on the balcony were white with consternation.

They feared a riot. It was as a spark to powder. In an instant a great burst of mirth came up from the packed street. Then a man in his shirt sleeves sang out:

"Three cheers for Old Tecumseh!"

They were rousers, and after another storm of laughter there were cheers again.

But that Sherman speech cost the Republican party a lot of votes on the Pacific coast in 1880.

A. M.

A TEUTONIC MISHAP.

Of the sorrows of a Teutonic constable the Berliner Tagblatt has a story to tell. The officer belonged to the town of Liebenwalde, in Brandenburg. He came to one of the country wirthschafers, or inns, and found there a peaceful company of six burghers outwatching the night, with their beer flagons before them. It was after closing time, and he therefore summoned them to depart. They replied that they would not go home till morning, or a German sentiment to that effect. He then invited them to follow him to the village lockup. Now the German rural police are different from those of the towns; they have confidence in their fellow parishioners, and after having given the order, "Alte vorwärts!" or all to prison, they then trot off in front to get things ready. This the guardian from Liebenwalde did too effectually, for when the six arrived they found that by mistake he was locked in and they were locked out. The wind had blown to the door while he was arranging chairs and tables for the coming guests. How the captives toiled to release their captor, how they tried all their keys and jammed the lock, how they went in a body to the village blacksmith and brought him to the scene, these things are recorded in the chronicles of Liebenwalde.

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